

1<sup>st</sup> A NEW

# DIALOGUE

BETWEEN

## Squire Ketch

### And the Dutchess his Wife;

Or Squire Ketch proved a Cuckold,

Upon a Tryal at Hicks's-Hall, a Court there held for  
Middlesex, on Tuesday 10th of this Instant October, 1699.  
11. Octob. 1699.

**A**mongst all other Tryals, it is my hard hap to be forced to write upon two such Eminent and Noted Gentry as these are, which is Mrs. Ketch, who bound her Husband over to the Sessions, for borrowing the use of a Black Image for a Bed-Fellow, the poor Gentlewoman, by reason she thought herself much wronged in the Tryal, or at least ways that she had not right done her, out of Revenge in the open Court, proves her most worthy Husband a Cuckold, as likewise her coming out in the publick Street, published him so to be: Thereupon gave him a Summons to Horn-Fair, thinking it highly his Business to appear amongst the rest of his Brethren, as 'tis a Yearly Custom, by which they hold the Charter.

**Ketch.** Dame Sot, (I think I may with great liberty, call you so, because it is true, as I can prove it by two Witneses, to these most worthy Gentlemen here assembled, on purpose to hear all Causes brought before them) Let's hear what you can alledge against me?

**Wife.** Why Sarrah? would but modesty admit me to speak, I could to your utter disgrace, make you ashamed of your Actions, but especially with those of that Black Gypsie, you elected for your Bed-fellow; the World knows her to be of the Devil's Complexion; and gone four Months with Child by you: Have not you a sober, modest Woman to lie by you, and by me have had these three pritty Babes which I bore of my Body.

**Ketch.** This is not to the purpose: Let these worthy Gentlemen hear what you have against me.

**Wife.** So I will. May it please your Worship, he will not allow me a Maintenance, but rangeth about, Whoring too and fro in the Town, with a Black Whore, whilst I and mine want Bread. Is not this true Mr Hangman?

**Ketch.** No Huzzy, it is not; but here is a Woman will witness she see you a Bed with another Man, by the same token she pulled off his Slippers.

**Wife.** Why then you are a Cuckold.

**Ketch.** But that will not do, for me to take pains to get Money to maintain your Extravagances with your Rogues.

**Wife.** Sir, did not he take me for better for worse, for Rich or for Poor?

**Ketch.** And this is the way to make me poor, and you too as long as you live; and as for your calling me Hang-man, I have Hanged many better than you, and had need have a double Hangmans place after this rate. May it please your Worship, I have taken care of these three Children a long time, and have taken them off of the Parish, and I think it but Requisite, that she should look after her self; for my Sallery is but Ten Pound a Year, the two Beadles will witness the same.

**Beadles.** Yes Sir, that is true, and for her part, she is a sorry Drunken Woman.

**Ketch.** Sir, I am clear. Yes, you may go, but look after your Children.

**Wife.** Sir, I shall have them on my Hands in a day or two's time.—No, no, Mr Ketch will not serve you so, sure?

**Ketch.** No, Sir, I will not. Well, Mistress Sot, you may go about your Business: I'll take care of the Children—And you shall not say I am dirty, I will give you a Note under my Hand.

**Wife.** Go hang your self, you Cuckoldy Dog, I do not care for your Note, I will have security.

**Ketch.** If you will not have what I profer'd you, you may go about your Business, so Farewell and be Hang'd, that's as good as twice Good-by.

**Wife.** And Good-by to you, you Hornify'd Toad.

*Ketch.* But do you hear? Could not you be contented to be a Squire's Wife, but must make him a Cuckold? Nay, not only so, but for no profit, neither to me nor your self; Surely I would not Whore for nothing, nor altogether for swelling my Belly with strong Beer, but would get some Cloaths to my Back—But you may be gone, like a Ragged Slut as you are.

*Dutchess.* I pray are you so free to your Black Lady, whom you so amorously smuggle every Night? But tho' she be bad, she is too good for you, I must confess.—So Farewell Mr *Cuckold*, though you had the Impudence to proclaim your self one, It was not my fault, for I should have kept it to my self long enough, and the World not have known it.

*Ketch.* But you see you cannot, for the Horns must and will be seen at one time or another along of such a Whore as you are; but it would not vex me, if for any profit.

**M**OST Worthy Squire thus did his Wife proclaim,  
Him to be *Cuckold*, and his Name Defame:  
Not only so, but he himself did prove  
That his great *Dutchess* had another Love,  
So *Horn Fair* being come, it is his place  
With all his Bretheren their to have a Race,  
And he great Squire forced for to go  
With Pick-ax, Shovel, and a Basket too.  
Nay, we'll promote him Captain, and he shall  
If that he live, be *Cuckolds* General,  
Then shall his *Lady Black* be waiting their,  
Upon her amorous Squire in the Fair,  
Whilest that he's lovely *Dutchess* and her Blade,  
Walk to and fro their to promote a Trade,  
And he great Spark of Honour on his Head  
Hath stately Horns, which is not tipt with Lead,  
Nor yet with Silver, nor no sort of Mettle,  
~~which~~ *Shews* some Ruffins beat upon the Kettle  
Of his good *Dutchess*, now he's force to go  
With Horns, on Tip't, which is to his great wo;  
But had she with her Kettle brought some Gold,  
I had no need this Story for to told,  
And truly *Squire*, I needs must take your part,  
For were it my Case it would break my Heart,  
To see my Doxy sell her Ware for nought,  
And crack her Pipkin, and no Money brought  
Into the Cash, and force me for to walk,  
In *Cuckolds* order, and be a Town-talk,  
Unto my Friends who knows me for to be  
A Boon Companion and good Company.  
But since I am one of the Forcked Crew,  
I will be noble and my Person shew,  
And to my Wifes good Summons I'll appear,  
Because by Fortune, it is my first Year;  
But she knows best whether it be so or no,  
This is the first time that I it did know.  
Now she unworthy Slut to work for nought,  
And with plain Horns me to the Fair hath brought;  
But had she tipt them well with yellow Boys,  
I should not much have cared for their noise.  
Now must I go my ways and be content,  
Since I'm *Cuckold*, and my Money spent.  
Good Sir I'm sorry you should be my Theam,  
Little did I the last Night of this Dream.  
Or in the least to write of *Esquier Ketch*,  
Who went most boldly his good Wife to fetch  
In open Court him *Cuckold* there to prove,  
Because by chance she had another Love,  
But since it's so, she you a Christian made,  
Contented be, she will not lose her Trade.

*Licensed according to Order.*

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